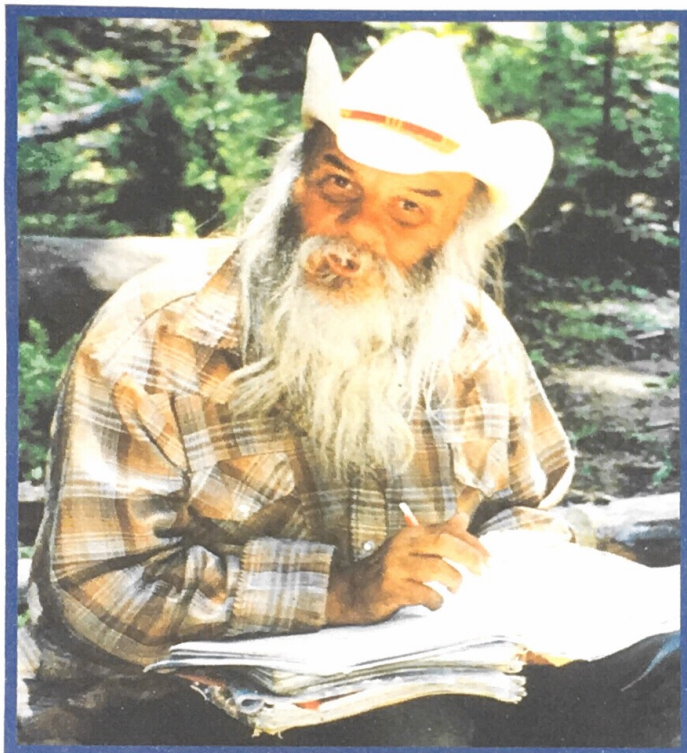


# Rainbow Family Life Stories

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*by Jodey Bateman.  
Interviews with Rainbow  
Family of Living Light  
folks conducted between  
1977 and 2008.*

*Scanned in 2018.*

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08.A      FOXFIRE - "The Anarch"

17 pages

[08.A]



## FOXFIRE The Anarch

[Foxfire regards himself not just as an anarchist - one who believes there should be no government - but as an anarch - one who actually takes part in the running of society on an equal basis with others, without the use of governmental force.]

I was born in Ithaca, New York November 13, 1934. My father's a Methodist country preacher and also a sociologist. My mother's family is Quaker. I go to Quaker meetings.

I went to Quaker meetings when I was a kid. My mother spoke of it some. My father has always been in a lot of social things. There are a lot of Quakers in social action things that liberal Methodist ministers get into. My dad was active with a thing called Methodist Rural Fellowship. He tried to help people stay in rural areas. One of the gigs he did was for the New York State Council of Churches. He would go to real small towns with four or five Protestant churches who couldn't afford a minister or to keep their buildings up and he would quack them into setting up a federated church. Mostly Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians would federate. Co-operation from Lutherans or Episcopalians was rare. They would fold rather than join. Fundamentalists were not welcome. In Yankee land one does not roll in the aisles.

I have two brothers. We were always warned that the neighbors were watching and we could cause our father to lose the gig. I'll give you an idea what life is like in the parsonage. In 1972 my mother, after 50 years of bullshit from church boards - somebody from the church board came in the parsonage and said that they didn't like the picture she had hung in the entrance way. She said, "You don't have to like it. You don't live here."

When I was a very little kid, I saw a picture of a dead soldier. Nobody could explain it to me. My father was a conscientious



objector. He went down to the draft board and refused to register in World War II. At that time they were drafting ministers. He said, "You know where to find me."

During World War II, I was at a ball game at our school and they announced that President Roosevelt had just died and a sizeable minority of people cheered briefly. Then everybody was shocked.

People looked around and looked quietly away and went home. It's something I filed away the way a kid will file away clues to match with other clues later. I spoke out strongly against the Korean War. Nobody dared challenge me. I could crack any argument for the war.

I worked for the neighbors around where I lived - farm chores, field work. Also I cut a lot of wood all day every Saturday in the winter. I moved on a dairy farm and did it all. The only thing the owner did was mow the hay. From age 12 to 19, I did dairy farming for neighbors, always looking for work up and down the road.

I went to Cornell University in Ithaca for two years '52 to '54. I was in the Agriculture School. I sang in Iolanthe, an operetta. I lost interest in agriculture. I turned down a farm a veteran had offered to set me up with. He offered to loan me \$30,000 and I would be in shape. I never owned a farm. I have turned down six farms so far. Five of them were free.

I got into partying a lot, reading science fiction, hanging out with various female persons. Then I got into playing music for money - mostly French horn, mostly symphony. I did that for 13 years. I got married in 1956 and had a daughter in 1959. I was drafted in the Army from '58 to '60. I was a conscientious objector in the Medical Corps at first. There was nothing happening in the Medical Corps, so I got in an Army band.

When I got out, I was a high school music teacher in South Dakota, Tennessee, Georgia and Indiana and had private students of all ages. I went to about a dozen countries in South Asia



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and the Near East in a jazz band. My wife and myself we started diverging in '64 and got divorced in '66.

I went to the anti-war march at the Pentagon in 1967. That was high times. I kept running into Quakers everywhere in the anti-war movement. I helped deserters and draft refusers get to Sweden and somewhere along the way, a Quaker would pay for tickets or drive them to the airport. In 1971, I joined the Quaker meeting on the White House sidewalk two days after it started. Nixon said he was a Quaker and we were waiting for Friend Richard to come to meeting. He didn't, but Tricia Nixon did. The meeting started on June 2, 1971, when they had to go to court for a previous meeting. I left on October 2, 1972.

In 1973 I started partying with a lot of generals and admirals. There were some freaks I met on the street whose fathers were big wigs in the Pentagon. I met the guy who planned the invasion of Cambodia. He's a total fucking loon, but he's brilliant. One time I met Kissinger, but he wouldn't look at me. I went to the opera—it was Don Giovanni—with a general. It was like semi out of doors at Wolf Trap Park. It was impressive for a street hippie. At intermission we went out for a Coke. A joint materialized on the sidewalk in front of us. We both laughed and neither one of us picked it up.

Another interesting person I met was the commander of a base over which I had seen a UFO as had numerous military personnel. The thing came over about 4:30 in the morning. I asked the commander about it. He said in effect, "Early one morning this month, I was awakened in line of duty." He also said, "Mind your own business!"

In '72 when we were on the White House sidewalk, they put a notice up at the Yes organic restaurant about the Rainbow Gathering. Cheshire and I were two main logistics people on the White House sidewalk. We didn't figure both of us should go to the Rainbow. I had some other things shaking in DC, so I couldn't make it to the Rainbow. I miss it, but I don't regret it. It was a busy time. The first gathering I went to was the '73 Gathering in Wyoming, which I really liked.



Sometimes I think it was my favorite gathering.

The trip out there was pretty incredible. I was hanging around with a 19 year old lady who had just left home. I was going to take her to the ballet - Sleeping Beauty at Wolf Trap, Virginia June 25, but I got stoned and I missed it. We were gonna leave after the ballet for Wyoming. She was hanging out in front of the White House with a group that was still there part of the time. The White House scene had pretty much collapsed after I left because I was one of the main logistics people. I went down to Lafayette Park to pick her up. We started west down Pennsylvania Avenue when we ran into John Lennon and Yoko. Yoko was a hell of a lot more impressive than John. John came on like an ordinary person adept at ESP and Yoko was like a penultimate master. If John wasn't a famous songwriter, you wouldn't notice him at a Rainbow Gathering, while Yoko would stand out.

Me and the lady and my dog and a guy named Skinny Dave got a ride in Hagerstown, Maryland, with a trucker. This trucker had just driven non-stop from Sioux City, unloaded frozen chickens in Virginia and he was heading Chicago with a load of frozen chickens he had picked up in Maryland. We went to Chicago and helped him unload the chickens and he picked up a load of produce on his own that his boss knew nothing about. We helped him distribute that in six different towns in eastern Iowa. Having driven all the way from Sioux City to the East and back without sleep, loading and unloading three times, the pills weren't working for the trucker any more. So all the way from Maryland he had been telling me how to drive the truck. So he says, "You drive," and he collapsed in the sleeper. Twenty minutes later he awoke and said, "What a fine nap!" He was ready to drive to Sioux City. It was a better ride than Greyhound. He coffeeed and marijuanned us to the max. We got out of the truck that morning because we were going



west on Interstate 80.

We got to the gathering. I never did a single lick of work there. There were three main scheduled kitchens. It was a kind of small gathering. It was smooth - all the gigs were covered. The hippies were neat. We were picking up cigarettes - even burnt match sticks. I walked right into the first kitchen, the one that was dirty and had meat and eggs in it and there was sitting Crazy Joe Wanamaker from Pennsylvania, one of my best friends, holding a long pipe with a bowl made like an eagle's head and an eight-gallon cooker of peyote tea on the fire, which we kept going throughout the gathering, as two other cookers were kept going in the other kitchens. And there were people wandering up and down the trails giving out an occasional peyote button as the Spirit moved.

The peyote came from the entire back of a station wagon full of peyote. It was brought by some very spiritual people from Houston. The first attempt at a peyote meeting was disrupted by people just grabbing handfuls of peyote and running. I missed that meeting through trying to get along with the lady I came with. She was afraid of peyote. In the middle of the night, there was an enormous boom. It was not dynamite or a sonic boom. Most of the camp had heard about the people grabbing the peyote and thought it was Mescalito's anger at being misused.

Later in the night, the shout went out, "Fire!" It was way the hell up the mountain. Everybody told me they grabbed everything they could that could hold water. We were passing water in everything from tea cups to 40 gallon missile cans. We had two lines, one passing the full containers, one passing the empty ones back. It was done in a very together, very creditable manner.

After the gathering, I went back to Washington DC. I missed the Utah Gathering because I didn't know where it was. It wasn't publicized in the health food stores or anything. In '73 there had been a whole lot of people from DC at the Wyoming Gathering, but nobody knew where the Utah Gathering



was. If we had even had the word Utah, we would have been there. It would have been big.

At the '75 gathering, en route I camped out at St. Jo, Arkansas right where Highway 65 crosses the Buffalo River. The stream bed at that point is made of Arkansas sharpening stones. In case anybody reads this, you've got a little money resource or something to trade the stones - if you go through there.

The Security Camp was born at the parking lot when Sheriff Cotton Methvin arrived with three carloads of instant deputies.

We found out later he had scoured three counties for a posse and hadn't had much luck because not many people were into it.

The carloads of deputies pulled up. Freedom and I were working the parking lot. I vibed perfectly clearly at the driver of the third car that "You need a four-wheel drive to get down to the gathering." This guy vibed back at me perfectly clearly "What?" I vibed back "You need a four-wheel drive to get down there." So they got out of the third vehicle. They looked at a flute which they had mistaken for a bong. They all got in the first two vehicles and went down.

We were talking with the Forest Service people after the sheriff left. They were hanging around the parking lot and not at all pleased with the sheriff's actions. While we were talking, a car drove in with two quite straight-looking men in it who parked and got out and walked down to the gathering site and one of the Forest Service guys said, "Wow!" I said, "What?" He said, "Those guys are from Albuquerque."

Those were the two Park Service people who had come from Albuquerque when they got the word about the sheriff. They had obviously flown over in a government jet and rented a car. The Forest Service guys knew the Park Service guys because the parking lot was on Forest Service and the gathering area was on Park Service. At the 1982 Regional Gathering in Luray, Virginia, a Forest Service guy told me that he used to be working in southern Arkansas and



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they issued them all sidearms and were thinking about sending them to the Arkansas Gathering. I got the impression that they were not very pleased with the Sheriff.

That evening's supper was late because of the interruption. People were asked to gather around the fire. Most everybody was milling around the fire circle talking and partying. This guy struck up "Little Liz Adams" on the dulcimer. Pretty soon a couple of guitarists came over and there was pretty good hoedown music going. There was a guy there who was an Essene. He told us he lived on air. He did a flip clear over the council fire and people danced. The camp was on a stone bar. The stones were the size of your hand. It made for a kind of skipping dance like [Grateful] Dead Heads to. The people were shining. It was like a Pentecostal experience. Later that night I decided I was going to do the parking lot some more. Barbara was cooking up there. There was like half a dozen of us. I found some foxfire growing on the fire roots of a pine tree and we made headbands out of it. So a lady who saw us started calling me Foxfire.

We were so neat at the Arkansas Gathering, that with almost 1,000 people, it took only ten people to carry the trash out of the gathering. The last day everybody was in the parking lot and it was the usual Rainbow moving dance circle. Violence was instigated by the school bus fetish and the illusion of the scarcity of Chevrolet parts. How people worship their goddam school buses ain't as bad as it used to be, but the vibes were so nasty. It's always the same at the end of the gathering - people pissed off because they have to leave. About a dozen of us went back down to the river with the intention of staying down there till we could feel the cessation of the angry vibes - which took about four or five hours.

What happened was this group of logistics geniuses decided to stay in the parking lot for the night. So we felt the instant mellow all the way down to the river. It was a beautiful day with clear, copper-blue sky and snow-white puffy clouds. And the thought ran through my head, "Wouldn't it be nice if one of those clouds formed into the shape of a white buffalo?" It did. We all saw it.



We didn't have to construe it as a white buffalo. It was a white buffalo. That was the first of five occasions on which I have seen the white buffalo.

I was almost three weeks late getting to Stillwater, Oklahoma, with the caravan because I was taking care of a cat that had been starving because the gathering had been treating it for an infection by feeding it nothing but herb tea. I fed it oat water. I gave the cat

away at the Pizza Hut in Conway, Arkansas. Jimmer set the camp up at Horse Thief Canyon near Stillwater. I stayed there for a month by myself. Everybody was in town in order to drink beer and eat Troy and Oro bankrupt and they missed out on a beautiful camping experience. I drank more beer in Stillwater at the Acme Bar than I ever have in my life. Don Moser would get there at four o'clock in time to catch four solid hours of Star Trek on cable TV and I went in to talk with him. Everybody did. If people just had of worked, Don had the equipment and the genius for facilitation so that we could have had an economically prosperous thing there.

I waited four months in Stillwater for Oro to quit selling meat in her restaurant. It was called OM Cooking and they sold meat. So I thought it was a swindle. Use of the word OM implies yogic purport. So I went back to Washington DC.

It took me three years and four months after October, 1972, to find another chink in the government's armor comparable to the White House sidewalk. It was about January 15, I discovered another breach. One of the reasons they've been able to put this nuclear shit over on us is that nobody goes to the hearings. I got to be good friends with a former chairman of the ACRS [Advisory Committee on Reactor Safeguards]. I think several members of the committee read my CIA file, because they became friendly. I imagine that it might be the case that there is not one person on the technical staff who's in favor of reactors. I still go to the hearings. That's why I live in DC.

Like for example, they had a session on zirconium cladding in fuel



rods. It was instigated partly by Three Mile Island events. The cladding of zirconium under conditions like Three Mile Island separates from the fuel pellets which have been fused into a continuous rod - sort of. Not only do these pieces of fuel which have not fused sufficiently fall out through the bottom, but there has not been a machine devised capable of removing the fuel without jiggling more fuel on the floor. It's amazing how many people I meet who know something about nuclear reactors - like guys who are AWOL from the Navy and have been in reactors. A lot of people have had sad experiences with them.

It's obvious that the Pentagon and the CIA are in charge of negotiations with the flying saucer critters to sell them plutonium. Machiavelli says the biggest question in politics is, "Who benefits?" Who wants plutonium? That's why the nuclear reactor program continues, because the only people who benefit from digging this shit out and putting it into reactors are the flying saucer critters.

It was a good hitch hike to the Montana Gathering. On the East Coast we were told it was gonna be in Missoula. That was the word on the street. So I went to Missoula before I found out it was at Choteau. George, who I had hung out with at Stillwater, gave me a ride there.

One thing that impressed me at the Montana Gathering was the circle at the Carnival Camp on the Fourth of July. I'm glad not one single woman in the camp was foolish enough to do what a whole bunch of men did.

One of the main reasons we don't have circle meals any longer is a lot of people were tired of being used as a captive audience. At the mid-day circle meal on the Fourth, two dozen or so men got up one at a time and acted like they were running for mayor of the camp. The 200th anniversary of the US and all that shit brought a lot of that out. They spoke like they all wanted to be chief of the Rainbow Tribe. Each one of them spoke till the people shouted them down. It was beautiful. One guy only got out two words, "You people," and they booed him down.

Montana was one gathering where we could have easily made ice cream. There was a snowfield nearby and a honey co-op at Choteau.



Another thing that was beautiful about that camp was that the Carnival kitchen was really together because it was an extension of a commercial venture in Boulder. We ate great. Finally this year it came into my head and I wondered if it might be a great experiment for the Rainbow in the future. That is, have another already-functioning kitchen/a restaurant/people who are already into mass feeding/ come to the gathering. I'm trying to tell you nothing that doesn't relate to the future.

A major intersection in the Rabbit Fox's life came. Like when you come to Des Moines. Truckers call it the Mixmaster because it's got clover leaf intersections of major interstates all around, but nobody stops in Des Moines.

I left DC in September '76 to go pick peyote. Things got kind of confused and I went back to DC to straighten them out. I went to a Halloween party at Toad Hall, a collective of science fiction writers in Baltimore. I went back to the peyote fields and I arrived on the sixth of December, 1976. I picked peyote right in back of the earth dam at Refugio, Texas, which is where the railroad track crosses Highway 83 at Garciasville. One thing about peyote - on a peyote run you will find everything you need, coming and going. I can tell peyote stories till the snows, but one peyote story I do want to tell you.

I was in the Brownsville jail for possession of 65 pounds of peyote. That's what goes in an airline flight bag - a nice stash. In the jail, somebody told me to do something. I didn't know he was the captain, which is Tex-Mex for trustee. So I didn't do it and he said he was gonna beat my ass. At lunch the turnkey asked me loud enough so the whole mess hall could hear if I wanted to go into a private cell. After lunch, we got back to the dorm and I thought, "What would Mescalito want me to do?" Obviously not respect the interruption of my trip any more than I respected the interruption of my trip by the



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police. I knew that Mesquita was guiding me and the police thing was just part of the run.

So I remembered that I had been laying on my back reading, which I resumed. I felt a breeze go past the back of my head. I paid no attention to it. A couple hours later I saw the capitan walking the street away from the jail. They let him out. He was the lightweight Golden Gloves champion of

Brownville. I think he swung at me and missed. That's one good thing about the Chicanos code of macho. They had to let him go to save his face. He blew his capitan job. lightweight Golden Gloves champ hits recumbent fortyish person and misses. The people in the dorm started calling me Tio Peyote - Uncle Peyote.

I filed a writ of habeas corpus. The judge said, "Would you like to plead guilty to time served?" I said, "OK" and got out. Next time I'm not gonna do that. I spent the rest of the winter picking peyote. Everything from then on has been a peyote run. I'm into healing with the aid of every physical thing I can get that I know and the help of prayer.

I went to Santa Fe in April, 1977. A couple weeks before the New Mexico Gathering, there was a young couple at the Christ Brotherhood in Santa Fe who were from New Mexico. They asked me where the gathering was. I said, "East Fork of the Gila." They said, "Isn't that where Uncle Sam spilled some radioactive material in the late 40's?" I got a nice big yellow flash in front of my eyes. I got a hold of a Geiger counter and toured the gathering with it, thereby convincing the few remaining skeptics that I am totally bat shit. I found nothing above local background radioactivity on the gathering. However between the parking lot and the ranger station, just holding the probe out of a moving car, I found four hot sites, two with four times the local background and two with eight times. I told this to JD, the foreman of the ranch right next to the Security Camp.

As an anarchist and a person who quit farming because of surpluses, I don't believe in scheduled meals. I enjoy them and I enjoy eating in between. That's why we got small stomachs and long guts. I haven't



seen a good free kitchen at a Rainbow Gathering - not about money, but free that you can eat what you want. In my own warped food brain, there's something about the best free kitchens I have seen, the lack of which caused what I don't like about the putting out of the fire at the New Mexico Gathering.

The best free kitchen I have ever seen was put on at the cleanup of the Watkins Glen Summer Jam in 1973. The first three or four days, we had pretty much scheduled meals, but people were sneaking in and getting what they wanted, so finally the people who had started it, which included some Hug Farm people from Earth People's Park, said, "OK. Everybody fix your own stuff. If there's something you really fix good, we'd like to encourage you to use the large pots." So everybody just walked in and fixed what they wanted. This kitchen was totally free for three weeks. In three weeks this crew that was doing the cleanup became the highest group of people I have ever seen and I have been in all kinds of spiritual and political trips. It was behind everybody fixing their own exactly what they wanted. There was some loners who never even picked up a bit of trash who came in there to grab all they could eat and split. It's always gonna be that way. We got lions and rabbits. Lions fight, rabbits run. We still got both. God bless them.

The kitchen scene in New Mexico was far more weird than the average Rainbozo kitchen scene. Somehow a high percentage of supplies got left at the upper end. Nobody went up to eat them or carry them except Security Camp folks. We told other people that they were there. So not only was the main kitchen a bottleneck, but they didn't make food often, they didn't make enough of it and it was poor quality. When lightning struck the tree, people were just beginning to straggle in in hopes of another too small, too late, no variety and poor quality meal. I could see people hesitate to go put out the fire if they were going to miss their place in the chow line.



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The manner of the putting out of the fire up top was macho-hysterical. People who were not capable got up front and played some big hero thing. It wasn't a big fire at all. Jay Sun didn't get near the fire except at first, but it was like a traffic jam, so Jay Sun sat down on the ground. At one point he looked back at me and we exchanged expressions of disgust at the proceedings. At that occasion, tin cans with one end off would have come in very handy for throwing water up into the top of the tree.

There was quite an impressive healing in New Mexico of a guy who was dying of dysentery. We had been using opium in the worst cases and this guy made us promise to let him die rather than use opium. So he was starting to lose blood pressure finally and people were starting to cry and I was about to get up to offer the advice nobody would listen to before and this guy came in who said he was into Primal Scream and acupuncture. We asked him not to do the Primal Scream and center the camp at night, he massaged on the bottom of the sick guy's foot right behind the big toe all around there. In about 20 minutes the guy started to regain blood pressure. That night he peed normally and in a day he was able to stand up. There are many healings like that at the gatherings.

I returned to Santa Fe. That winter I made tofu for the Santa Fe co-op. It was the most oppressive, coercive working situation I have ever experienced, including the US Army, but I learned how to make 150 pounds of tofu a day with small equipment and large equipment and I made plain and fancy soy milk, plain and fancy soy yogurt. I make it at low temperature, just like I make beer. It takes longer, but it tastes better than high temperature soy yogurt.

On to the Oregon Gathering, '78. I thought the site was laid out really well. I understand that Mario and Carlos and Quetzal did that - the whole Latin Quarter crew. Carlos put a lot of energy into supply and I thought the supply that year was the best of any gathering.

I went back to Santa Fe. I left Santa Fe in January, 1979 with Phil - not Phil Coyote - and Marty. We went to Padre Island via the peyote fields



and had a good old time. It was the last time I got enough peyote to get really off, driving from South Padre Island to Corpus Christi on a beautiful spring day with all the wild flowers and I was hallucinating patterns like red and green checker boards and I thought, "What? No distortion?" so the checkerboard distorted like a piece of late Sixties jibber-jabber.

In Corpus Christi, we went to see China Syndrome. The next day, Three Mile Island fucked up. It was a similar accident, so I took off for DC, going from the NRC [Nuclear Regulatory Commission] to the Hill. The hallways were full of people at the hearings. The wind blew radioactivity from Three Mile Island on DC. It scared the congressmen. They had an energy fair around the Mall in DC. I went there and the first person I ran into was Oro. It turned out there was a mess of western Rainbozos in town and they had a camp at Old Rag Mountain in Virginia. So I hung out with them some and after that, went to the big demonstration in DC May 6. At the end of the demonstration, Barry Plunker got up and got the people to clean up. It was fast.

I didn't really have any spectacular experiences at the Arizona Gathering. It was the first gathering at which I noticed litter left behind. I spent three days picking up litter and I quit. I was the last one out.

I had a pretty good time the winter of '79-80. I spent the first part of the winter hitch hiking around New York and New England and the late part of the winter guarding a pile of marijuana. I smoked a quarter of an ounce of Colombian a day and passed out four or five times a day in a beautiful log cabin during the Great Virginia Blizzard.

I went to Seabrook, New Hampshire, for the May 27, 1980 demonstration. We had a Rainbow-type camp there after the demonstration. I met this really fine lady. For years I'd been looking for a lady who was fine with me with her lady trips and was into



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The radical gigs and things I'm into because both people have to be into that shit. The lady was living with the Berrigans and helping demonstrations at the Pentagon. All 1980 there was always people there. It was a religious number and it included Buddhists and you name it. Radical Quakers and radical Catholics did most of the leg work for it.

The lady and I agreed we were going to see a lot more of each other when she got back to Baltimore and I got back to DC. Before either of us had left Seabrook, she got hit by a car - almost killed. Her parents live in Pittsburg, California, in the Bay Area. I missed the 1980 Gathering because she was in the hospital near Seabrook. While doing some phone calls and errands for the Clamshell Alliance, I became aware of the problems with a place for the West Virginia Gathering. John Beck and Amanita Sequoia repeated to me for the second time the invitation for the Rainbozos to have the gathering at Cherokee, North Carolina. In a telephone conversation, I relayed this information for the second time to Jenny Starlight and Tony Crow. The gathering could have easily have been moved there, but it wasn't.

In the fall they moved my lady friend to the Bay Area to be near her parents and I came to the Bay Area. I've been in Berkeley most of the time since - to my sorrow, Berkeley is fried shit. The political scene is not what I like, the so-called alternative culture is fried out. They've got the most evil institution on the planet in Berkeley - the University of California. You wouldn't believe their scams and rip-offs and lies.

I was walking down the street behind a couple of grad students. One of them was designing a gun that would fire so fast, it fired the bullet before it was even in the chamber. I could see how it could be real nice in Berkeley. It's an easy place to make it. Tucson is the only place I've seen that's easier. I've got the easiest dumpster route in Berkeley. I only make four stops and I don't make them all if I do well at the first one.

I went to the Washington Gathering. We had a smaller Security Camp than usual. It was nice. We partied a lot. We went and talked with several high energy women about the rape that took place in the parking lot. They were unhappy that the victim was not comforted. They wanted a sisters'



healing circle to get her where she felt good. She didn't stick around to press charges. She left. The high energy women were not informed. The Security Camp was never called on it. Garrick and I don't know who else dealt with it. Not only the women, but Security Camp plus others were irritated that the rapist ended up going back to Texas to prison on his second grand theft charge. There's a type of woman sufficiently free enough to look beyond chauvinism and vengeance to understand the evils of the prison system. Thousands of people were disgusted at the rapist being sent to prison. The sisters wanted to talk to him for several days to straighten his wig out.

The end of cleanup was real nice. We had a party put on by some church folks. There we were drinking beer and smoking pot. They were doing their thing and we were all getting along fine. They even tolerated a couple of spaced orations from some of our more advanced cadets. That night we camped at Skookum Creek and we had a keg of beer that we were too tired to drink. We had to finish it the next morning. Skookum Creek was a great swimming creek. It was warm enough, unlike most of the rivers in the area.

We had the typical Rainbozo caravan down to a place called Vulcan Springs. We were on the south fork of the Salmon River, not far from Rainbow Peak. When we got there to the Peace Village, a large part of us were cleanup crew from the gathering. A few of them had gone ahead to set up the camp. There was about 120 of us in all. It was really a real nice place.

We had a peyote meeting. It was good except it was held indoors. The next day we had fires. They were put out well. There was no chiefs. We was all just Indians with two buckets of water. We sure did have water. The evening after the fires, Barry and Garrick and Jay Sun showed up and said they wanted to go climb Rainbow Peak the next day. So that was a good trip. I didn't ride back to camp with everybody. From the west end of the north face of Rainbow Peak, the



snowfields look like the head of a buffalo heading west. Across the valley from the north, it looks like a whole buffalo.

Next year, 1982, at the Idaho camp, Rainbow Bear returned from a town trip and he was furious, which is not that common with Rainbow Bear. We've known each other six years and sometimes we've split the night watch, sometimes we walk it together. We see a lot of shit that so-called higher awareness people miss. He says he had an unhappy experience with Michael John. The Bumps Family asked Michael John to sign some papers they needed for goddam food stamps, I don't say food stamps without goddam. Michael John didn't want to sign these documents. In the course of the argument, Michael John told the Bumps to take off the big rainbow they had painted on their car. It seemed he felt the Bumps weren't really Rainbozos because of the alcohol and the food stamps. The Bump Family's comradeship was beautiful to us. They shared poached salmon with us. They associated with us. I never saw Michael John at our camp. I don't know if he ever visited our camp. I've noticed an unfortunate tendency in the Rainbow Family since April, 1979, especially among the East Coast Rainbows, to want a homogenous group. To me the invitation still says to all and it always will.

When Foxfire refers to an "unfortunate tendency" since April, 1979, he is probably referring to the East, 1979, raid at Loma, New Mexico, where several longtime Family people were denounced for stealing from newcomers to Rainbow and warned to stay away from the gathering if they wouldn't quit stealing. As an anarchist, Foxfire has a principled objection to forcing any behavior. He has faith in the power of good psychic energy to stop problems like stealing, if this energy is properly applied.

[Foxfire attends almost any Rainbow function he is near. In October, 1983, he was at the Southwest Regional Gathering with his six year old son Willow.]